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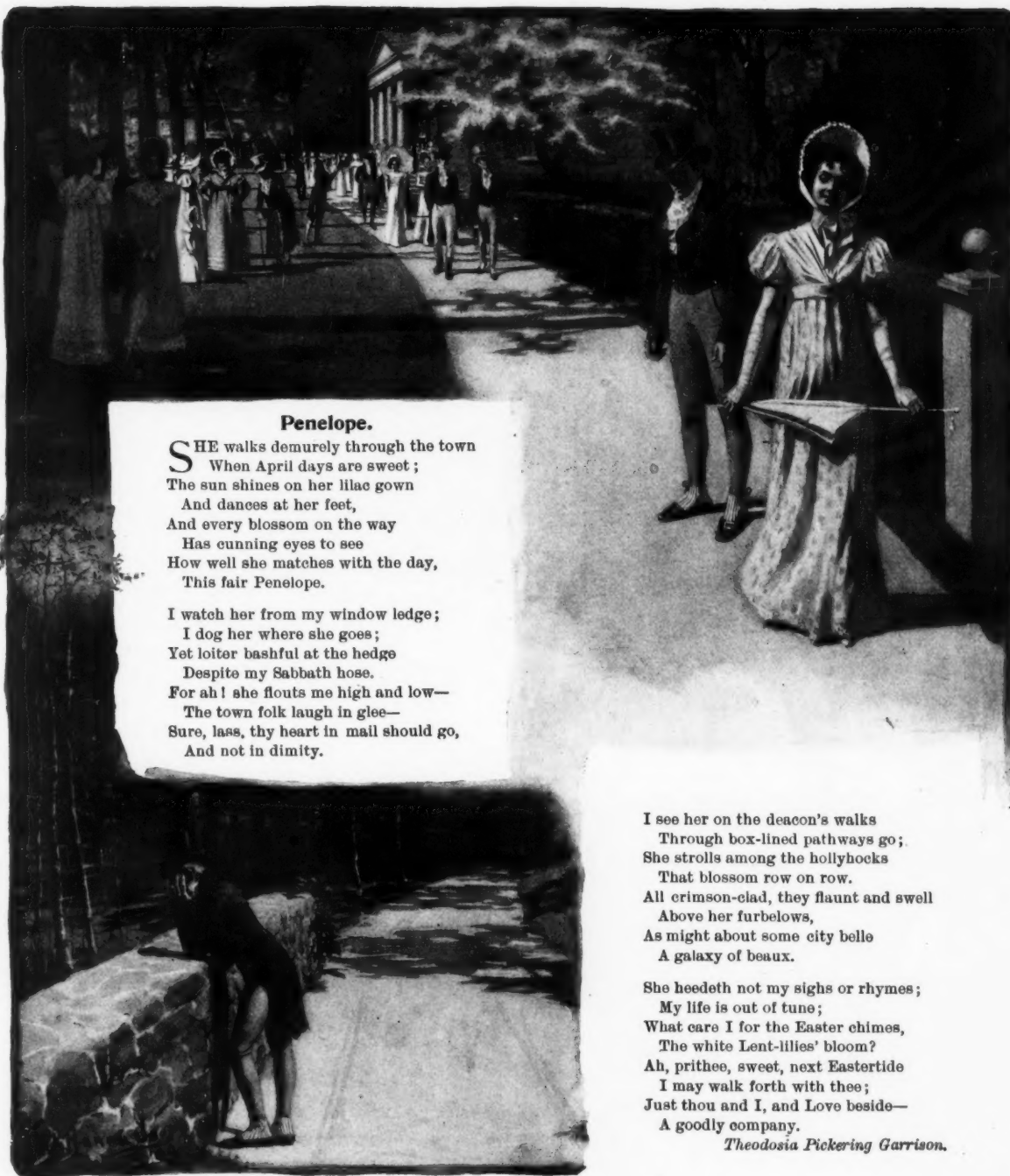
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Penelope.

SHE walks demurely through the town
When April days are sweet ;
The sun shines on her lilac gown
And dances at her feet,
And every blossom on the way
Has cunning eyes to see
How well she matches with the day,
This fair Penelope.

I watch her from my window ledge ;
I dog her where she goes ;
Yet loiter bashful at the hedge
Despite my Sabbath hose.
For ah ! she flouts me high and low—
The town folk laugh in glee—
Sure, lass, thy heart in mail should go,
And not in dimity.

I see her on the deacon's walks
Through box-lined pathways go ;
She strolls among the hollyhocks
That blossom row on row.
All crimson-clad, they flaunt and swell
Above her furbelows,
As might about some city belle
A galaxy of beaux.

She heedeth not my sighs or rhymes ;
My life is out of tune ;
What care I for the Easter chimes,
The white Lent-lilies' bloom ?
Ah, prithee, sweet, next Eastertide
I may walk forth with thee ;
Just thou and I, and Love beside—
A goodly company.

Theodosia Pickering Garrison.

Truth—the Abstraction.

A SERMON.

LIKE the gold dollar, Truth is a standard of value rather than a circulating medium. It has many artistic and beautifully engraved substitutes in circulation, but they will not stand the acid test.

Truth and politics are not on speaking terms; in politics, Truth is the unknown, the x quantity. The American public recognizes this great principle in politics, and whenever a Congressman is found using this rare jewel, he is soon playfully known as the x -Congressman.

Truth is respected, but it is not popular; it is apt to be picturesque, and may be descriptive; but, like dynamite, it should be handled only by experts. Experts are rare, and now somewhat discredited. Liar, blatherskite, thief, anarchist, and so forth, are simple terms and easily understood; they may describe your neighbor and political antagonist accurately; they may embody the plain, chemically-pure truth; yet, outside of newspaper circles, they are regarded as harsh, crude and discourteous. We know all the thieves and liars in our set, but it is more comfortable to ignore their titles to distinction than to insist on labeling them, as they do the trees on the Boston Common. It is more politic, less provocative of friction, to assume that our neighbors have as much knowledge of technical terms as we have; we will, under such circumstances, have less difficulty in having our paper accepted at the bank where our thieves and liars do the distribution. Therefore must truth be used with care and economy, as becomes a free and thrifty

people. Hence, while the golden Truth remains our standard, a baser metal, an oroidic truth, must be circulated for everyday use. Not what we believe, but what conservative people want believed, is current Truth. The current Truth bears the same relation to the golden Truth and its brother, Fact, that the greenback and silver bill bear to the metals on deposit; like them, it is less burdensome and is accepted cheerfully; no questions asked.

A Roman office-holder, said to be of Scotch origin—Governor Pontius Pilate—once asked the Jews "What is Truth?" and had no takers. It was an odd question to put to that particular people, but it has been asked of others since with equally satisfactory results. I doubt if Mr. Frohman could answer it; I am skeptical even of the ability of Bishop Potter and General Booth to do so. It is as puzzling as that other poser propounded by General Miles, "What is beef?" a query which has produced cholera, and which has made even General Eagan express vague doubts as to the Milesian veracity.

Truth appears to be an irritating and unsolvable problem, productive of vexation of spirit only, and, like the humble and industrious hornet, a thing to be respected and let alone. Thoughtful thinkers believe its incorporation in the Decalogue by Moses was indiscreet, and awkward for his greatest friends and admirers. When Mr. Ingalls stated that it had no business in politics he stated a fact, not an opinion. Truth is not business.





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ECONOMY.

She (musing): IT SEEMS A PITY TO SPEND TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS TO HAVE A GOWN MADE OVER, WHEN I CAN GET A NEW ONE FOR TWO HUNDRED.

When Brown says black is white, he may be stating the Truth from his point of view. If you disagree with him it is not necessary to call him a liar, and emphasize it with rude, harsh adjectives. You can effect all your purposes by lamenting, confidentially, that Brown is color blind.

The most satisfactory definition so far of Truth, and the one that seems to have met much personal and individual popularity, is this: "Truth is my version of all human affairs." *Joseph Smith.*

MORE women are wooed for their complexions than their characters.

Mary's Little Lamb.

MARY had a millionaire,
His head was soft as dough,
And everywhere that Mary went,
Why, he was sure to go.
He followed her to church one day,
And then they had a row,
Arranged by Mary. Mary lives
On alimony now.



The Tiger: I HEAR THE ELEPHANT HAS GOT THE SMALLPOX.
"I DON'T BELIEVE IT. IT WOULDN'T FIT HIM."

His Mistake.



DOROTHY was a perfect spring poem in broad-cloth, silk and millinery, as she swept into Jack's study and dropped into the easy-chair with a sigh.

"Gracious, I'm tired!"

Jack looked up from his writing.

"Oh, Jack, you should have gone with me—it was splendid! The decorations were

superb, and some of the gowns

perfectly dear! Everybody was there, and—"

"Everybody, eh? Don't I count as somebody?"

"Goosie! Of course you know you're the somebody. But everybody else was there. Mr. and Mrs. Blazer, Mollie Van Bloomer, Miss Cornbread Dick Fitzbluffer and the Biskit girls. Mrs. Blazer had on the most beautiful bonnet you ever saw. I didn't like her gown—it looked 'tacky.' Mollie had on the sweetest sort of a tailor-made gown—a warm brown, lined and faced with crimson. But you should have seen the get-up of that Cornbread girl. It was black, with white stripes about four inches wide. Dick Fitzbluffer whispered to me that she looked like a zebra—"

"Fitzbluffer did? Now, you know I—"

"Now, don't be jealous. I only saw him for a second as I came out. Marie Biskit had on a toque that was a perfect dream. Those girls certainly manage to dress well, even though they are poor as church mice."

"And you?"

"Oh, you can see for yourself how I look. Dick Fitzbluffer said—"

"Dick Fitzbluffer says too much."

"He said that you should be proud of me—that I was the smoothest article in the bunch."

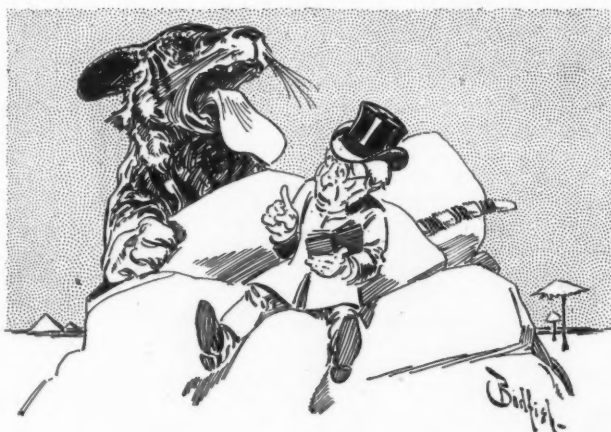
"Fitz always was felicitous in his choice of words. Were the Boones there?"

"Oh, dear, no! Old Mrs. Mangle whispered to me all about that scandal of Mrs. Boone's sister. Do you know—oh, but I can't tell you! It's too shocking. Mrs. Mangle had on the same bonnet she's worn for three seasons. The music was good, the flowers lovely. I've bowed to so many people, my neck is tired. I wouldn't have missed it for anything."

"And who's reception was it, dear?"

"Reception? Why, Jack Darlington! To-day is Easter Sunday, and I've just come from church!"

George Totten Smith.



The Doctor: AH, I SEE! BILIOUS—PROBABLY FROM OVEREATING.
FRUIT DIET—especially avoiding meats.

Little Doubt of It.

MRS. ANKSHUS: Doctor, how is my husband this morning?

DR. NONUTHING (*impressively*): He is a very sick man.

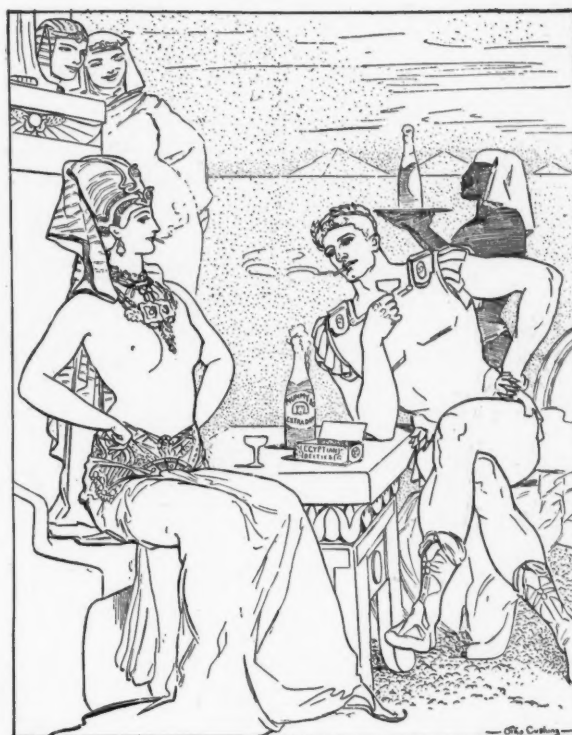
"Oh, doctor, you don't think—"

"Rest assured, my dear madame, that my treatment will straighten him out in less than a week."

SHOULD a Frenchman who has eaten his friend be considered a *professional* cannibal or only an *ami-chewer*?



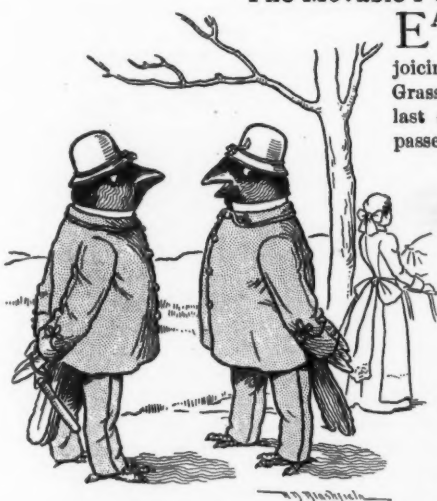
PERICLES AND ASPASIA.



MARC ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.
"Ex Africa Semper aliquid novi est."

HISTORIC FLIRTATIONS.

The Movable Feast.

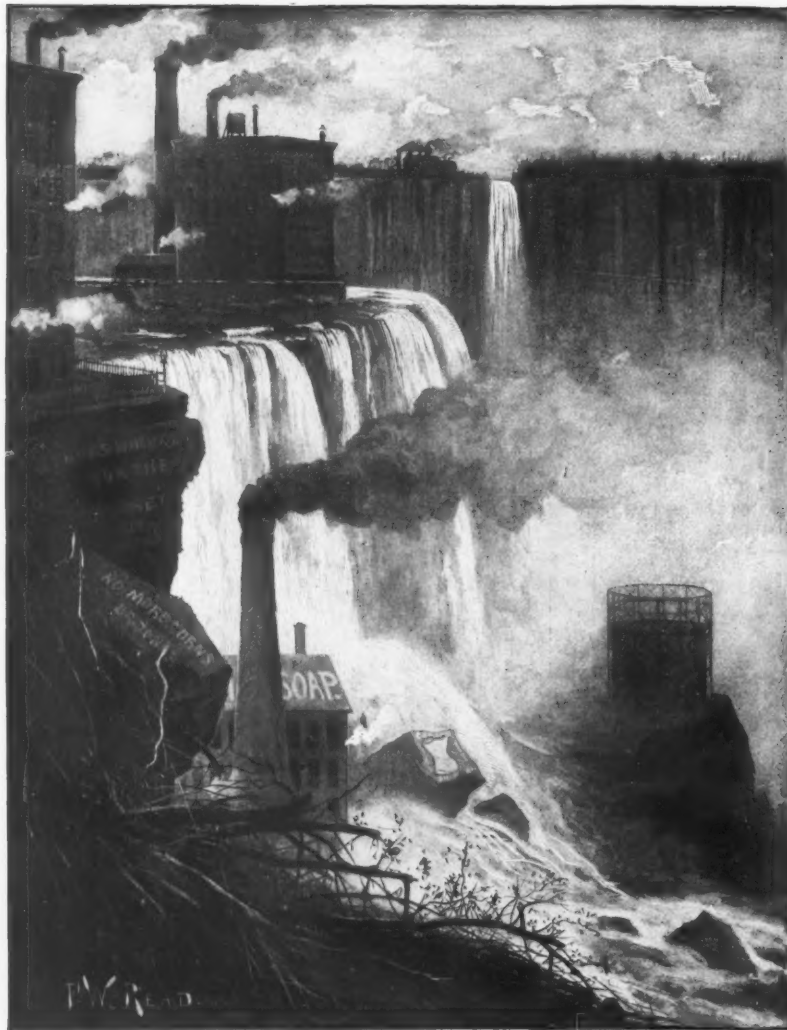


plants in the zoos get fresh air again. The polar bear is moulting. The Bitoff-Mores have already started for London. All the signs of spring are here, and they ought to be, with spring by the calendar a whole month old.

EASTER has come back. It is the time for rejoicing. Eggs are cheap again. Grass is grass again. The last cartload of snow has passed out of the street. Congress has adjourned. Nearly everybody's cough is better. The children are not so pale as they were a month ago. Color has come back to the shirts of men, and the hats of womankind glow and revel in new splendors. The birds sing when they have leisure now. Somewhere great flocks of them are passing northwards. The ele-

Easter is unusually welcome this year. Such a winter as we have had! More snow and more weather than we could use, and too much grip, too much pneumonia, and more disasters at sea than have been in any one season for twenty years. We are well entitled to rejoice that such a winter has gone at last out of our use and into the hands of the recorders and statisticians. Last year at this time we were too much agitated to do justice to Easter. No one can rejoice adequately in Easter with an irrepressible conflict maturing on his hands. The Easter spirit cannot perfect itself without a fair measure of tranquillity, and last spring there was no tranquillity. There was some rejoicing of the as-a-strong-man-to-run-a-race order, but there was nothing seasonable about that—nothing characteristic of Easter.

It is better this year. There is a little more repose, somewhat brighter hopes, a little more confidence, though whether it is because the Lord has risen or merely because stocks are up is fair matter for meditation. Our war is over, and now we are merely suffering from the after-effects of it which threaten to become chronic, but still do not engross our whole attention, as the disease did when it was new. We can rejoice moderately even in the results of our war. We did some good. We relieved Spain of the expense of fighting and governing colonies which she was neither fit to conquer nor to rule; we restored many thousands of homesick Spanish soldiers to their fields and families. We relieved Spain of the cost of



GLIMPSES INTO THE FUTURE.
GLIMPSE IX.
THE WONDERS OF AMERICAN SCENERY IN 1903.

maintaining a fleet; we saved lives in Cuba, greatly bettered the prospects of that island, and probably of Porto Rico also. As for the Philippines—sometimes when a good dog has killed a chicken it is tied fast to his neck to teach him better discretion in future. He gets very tired of the chicken before it drops off. It looks now as if we might grow very tired of the Philippines before we get quit of them; but we should rejoice in the very painfulness of our experience as something nicely adapted to promote our growth in wis-

dom, and possibly in grace. And so we find some reasons for rejoicing in our war, that the more urgent phase of it has passed; that it cost comparatively few American lives, and only about half-a-billion American dollars; that the fruits of conquest were not more numerous, and that what there are of them promise to make up to us in instructiveness for all they may lack in nourishment.

Let us rejoice, too, that business has revived, and that the wealth of our nation has greatly increased. The earth being the Lord's and the fullness thereof,

our increasing usufruct of it may fairly be interpreted as a mark of the Divine favor, notwithstanding the carping opinion that the Lord shows what He thinks of riches by the sort of folks He gives them to. If the distribution of recent accretions of money has not been in all cases successful according to our ideas, and if it has seemed to us that the Standard Oil Company, the Tobacco Trust, the Metropolitan Railroad, Tammany and other takers have received rather more than their proper share of the available emoluments, we must try to reconcile ourselves to these seeming inequities by remembering anything we may be able to recall about the temptations and other inconveniences of exaggerated affluence, and also about the length of the lane that has no turning.

We should rejoice in Croker, and in Van Wyck, and in the Organization generally, that their methods are so frank and their purposes so readily discerned; that their audacity equals their opportunity, and that the field of their enterprises whitens already against the distant day of harvest.

We should rejoice in Roosevelt, that his spunk holds out; in Kipling, that he has been spared to tell us more good stories; in Dewey, that he was made an Admiral, with \$14,500 for life; in the Major, also called the Liberator, that he and we are approximately like-minded, and he not materially wiser than we are, and that he defers making his mind up until we have had a chance to make up ours.

More than all, let us rejoice in the great army of faithful Americans, men and women, who go honestly about their business, ready to serve when their country calls, ready to make the best of bad jobs, and confident that all things will come reasonably right in the end, albeit through much tribulation. All things will come right, and they are the people who will make them. Our confidence is in them, just as the Major's is; in them and in the national conscience and the national capacity, which will not willingly go wrong, nor suffer right to fail for lack of gumption to recognize it and of grit to bring it about.

E. S. Martin.

A ROMANCE OF TWO LEGS.



"**W**HAT!" roared Mr. Graves, in a passion. "Do you mean to say, sir, that that is my—my—my limb in that bottle?"

"Certainly," rejoined the physician, coolly, turning the jar a little more to the light; "and a remarkably fine specimen it is."

"But it is an outrage. Nay, sir, it is positively indecent! To think of a part of my body being on exhibition in such a shameless fashion! I'll have you arrested, sir."

The doctor gave a quiet chuckle, and placed the offending jar on a shelf in a closet.

"Calm yourself, Mr. Graves. It is not on exhibition. At least, not to the general public. A very neat job, that amputation. I have known but one other person of your years that recovered so quickly. Here is the limb of that person," bringing forward a jar which contained a smaller, more daintily-formed leg.

"But—but that belongs to a lady!" gasped Mr. Graves, much scandalized, his face becoming suffused with color.

"Certainly. Miss Cooper—Miss Patience Cooper, a newcomer. Beautiful operations, both of them." He arose, closed the closet door and locked it.

"But, doctor, this is monstrous!" exclaimed the excited gentleman. "Cut off a person's limb for every Tom, Dick or Harry to look at? I tell you that it is monstrous! I'll have the law on you, sir," and he strode angrily from the room, followed by a shout of laughter from the doctor. True to his word, Mr. Graves consulted several lawyers. All agreed, however, that the physician was justified in retaining the leg as a specimen if he so desired. Disgusted and irritated at the result, he returned to his room, and pondered long and deeply.

"I won't have it!" he exclaimed at last, aloud. "Law or no law, that doctor shall not have that limb! No, sir; not if I have to steal it. Ah!"

An idea struck him. Steal it! The very thing. He would watch his opportunity. He would have that leg. Did it not belong to him? Gloating, in anticipation over the defeat of the doctor, he retired.

For several days Mr. Graves refrained from visiting the physician's office. One morning, as he was walking down the street, the doctor passed him.



"Not a jolly, good fellow, as you were, Mr. Graves."

"Whither so fast?" inquired Mr. Graves, facetiously.

"To a tiresome patient," answered the doctor, affably, glad that Mr. Graves had recovered his good humor. "Not a jolly, good fellow, as you were, Mr. Graves."

"Thank you," and Mr. Graves smiled blandly.

The doctor passed on. Here was his chance. He sauntered slowly along until the physician was out of sight; then his manner changed, and he was all alertness. Turning in the direction of the doctor's office, he walked as rapidly

as his artificial limb would permit towards it. As he had expected, the door was unlocked. Entering, he glanced around. The room was empty. Chuckling at his good luck, he crossed to the closet. Oh, joy! The key was in the lock. He had just seized it when he heard steps approaching. With an exclamation of impatience he snatched up a newspaper, and, hurriedly opening the door, grabbed the first jar, enveloping it in paper as he did so. The steps came nearer. Someone was certainly coming through the hall to the office. It took Mr.

Graves but a second to hastily close the closet door, but in doing so the key fell to the floor. Seating himself, he tried to look composed.

A lady entered. Her manner was hurried. She stopped short when she saw Mr. Graves, and colored furiously.

"The doctor," she murmured, confusedly. "I—I thought—"

"He is out," and Mr. Graves became calm as he noted her confusion, and spoke suavely. He was always suave to ladies, and this one, though her hair was plentifully streaked with gray and she was plainly elderly, had a sweet face and an appealing way that went straight to his heart.

"Do you think he will be long, sir?"

"I don't know, I am sure. I hope not, for your sake."

"I—I think I'll wait, then," and she sat down timidly.

As she passed to a chair, Mr. Graves noticed that she walked with a slight limp.

"Then I'll wait with you," he said, gallantly.

"Oh, don't! That is—would you mind very much not to?" exclaimed the lady, in an agitated manner. "Oh, what am I saying! Please, please go away."

"All right, ma'am." Mr. Graves arose with dignity. His vanity was hurt, for he had been pleased with her appearance. "I meant no offense. Good morning."



"She stopped short when she saw Mr. Graves, and colored furiously."

"Good morning," answered she, in such a wistful way that he forgave her rudeness on the spot, and smiled reassuringly at her as he left. Exulting at his success, he reached his room.

"Now what shall I do with it?" he murmured, as he placed it on the table. "'A remarkably fine specimen,' the doctor said. No doubt, no doubt. Theodore Graves always could give points to an Apollo. I'll take a good look at it." So saying, he raised the curtain, letting a flood of sunlight into the room, and unwrapped the jar.

Good heavens! What was this? Surely that was not his leg? Mr. Graves looked closer, and then fell back helplessly into a chair. He had taken the wrong jar.

Long he sat there, and gazed stupidly at the thing. What should he do? It would never do in the world for it to stay in his room. What if someone should find it there! And he a respectable, middle-aged bachelor! Full of agony at the thought, he started up, and concealed it hastily in his wardrobe. Not until the key was turned did he breathe easily. The thing must be re-

turned; but how? At length he determined upon a bold move. He would return it that night and get his own.

At midnight a dark figure might have been seen gliding along the village streets in the direction of the doctor's office. It was Mr. Graves. The night was beautiful. The moon shone brightly, but Mr. Graves did not pause to note its beauty. No watch was kept in the peaceful village, and the inhabitants had long since retired to rest, but he proceeded with caution.

The office was in a low, one-story building, opening directly on the main street. In the rear was a window, and to this he made his way.

The window, with the carelessness that characterizes the dwellers of rural communities, had been left unlocked. It was an easy matter to raise it and crawl inside, but to the law-abiding Mr. Graves the thing seemed fraught with risk and danger, so that it was some little time before the feat was accomplished. At last it was done. Breathless and triumphant, he placed the jar on the table and sank into a chair to recover himself.

At this moment there was a grating in the lock of the outside door. Great heavens! Could anyone be coming? What would be thought should he be found there at that hour of the night? Mr. Graves glanced around wildly for a place of concealment. The table! He dodged under it just as the door opened and a dark figure entered.

It moved cautiously. The door was closed gently, and then the figure glided quietly across the floor to the closet, unmindful of the open window. Mr. Graves almost gasped aloud in his surprise. It was a woman.

The woman tried the closet door gently, and then with more force, but it did not yield to her efforts. With a moan she sank into a chair, and exclaimed, despairingly:

"Why didn't I think of that! It's locked! What shall I do?"

The voice went through Mr. Graves like an electric shock. It was that of the lady whom he had met in the morning. A light broke in upon his mind. It was—it must be—Miss Patience Cooper, bound upon the same errand as he.

"Ma'am," said Mr. Graves, softly, looking out from under the table.

The lady uttered a slight scream, and arose in alarm.

"Don't be afraid, ma'am; it's only me," and Mr. Graves issued from his place of concealment as gracefully as possible, sublimely unconscious of that slip in grammar. "Perhaps we can help each other."

The lady was silent from astonishment. Mr. Graves advanced boldly to the closet, and, producing a screw-driver from his pocket, proceeded to remove the lock with the air of a professional burglar.

"There!" he said, in a sepulchral whisper, opening the door with a flourish. "Now we must be quick."

He took down the other jar, and placed it beside the first one.

"This is your—your—" Mr. Graves paused in some embarrassment, and then went on boldly as he unwrapped the jar. "This is what you came for, isn't it?"

"Ye-es," assented the lady, timidly. "Is—is—does that one belong to you?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Then you must be Mr. Graves."

"Graves, yes. Theodore Graves, at



"It was an easy matter to raise it and crawl inside."

your service. And you are Miss Cooper?"

The lady bowed, and then said in a low tone:

"What must you think of me, Mr. Graves, coming here like a thief? But I could not bear the idea of my—my—" She paused.

"Certainly not," answered Mr. Graves, brusquely. "Your feelings do you credit, ma'am. Was that your errand here this morning?"

"Yes; but I was interrupted before I could make any search. It was yours, too, wasn't it?"

"Yes; but I got the wrong jar, and had to return it. Now we must hasten."

Each took a jar, and, forgetting the window, passed out through the door.

"How did you get the key?" whispered Mr. Graves, his caution returning as soon as they were outside.

"I slipped it out of the doctor's pocket to-day when he came to see a friend who was ill," returned Miss Cooper, in the same tone. Mr. Graves gazed at her in admiration.

"What shall we do with it?" asked she.

"Leave it in the lock," answered he, with sudden boldness. Then, like two thieves, they stole away together.

"What shall we do with these things, now that we have them?" queried Mr. Graves when they were at a safe distance.

"I shall bury mine," said Miss Cooper, softly.

"The very thing!" ejaculated he again, with admiration. "Together let us do it. To-night; but where?"

"In my garden," answered Miss Patience, who had evidently thought of everything beforehand.

Out from the village a short distance was the little cottage where Miss Cooper resided, and to this they repaired. Miss Patience produced a spade from the barn, and Mr. Graves

manfully dug the grave. Then the two jars were deposited side by side, the earth filled in, and patted down until even with the surface. Then Mr. Graves turned towards her.

"Seems like we ought to have a prayer or something," he remarked in subdued tones. "Shall we?"

"Oh, no, no!" and Miss Patience shivered a little. "It wouldn't be right, and both of us here in the flesh, would it?"

"Miss Patience," and Mr. Graves threw down the spade and turned to her with sudden determination, "we two can never be strangers again. After all that has passed; with this guilty secret between us—" He paused. Guilty secret was good. He had not known before his capacity for mystery, and then resumed pompously: "This guilty bond—this crime, I might almost say; we belong to each other. A part of us is buried



"We two can never be strangers."

in the same grave. The rest should be united also. Will you marry me, Miss Patience?"

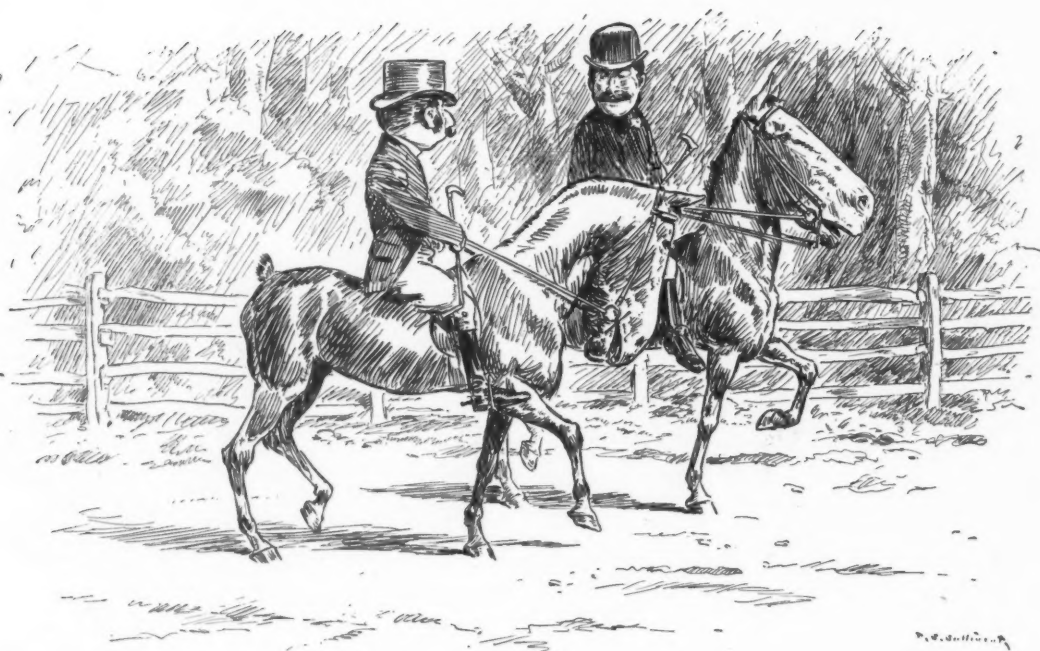
Miss Cooper trembled, but said, faintly, "You don't know me, Mr. Graves."

"Yes, I do. I know that you have the same sympathies and feelings as myself. I liked you this morning, and this gives us to each other. Doesn't it?"

"Yes," said Miss Patience.

At the wedding, two weeks later, the doctor congratulated them with a twinkle in his eye. "Graves, you thief," he said, roguishly, "when am I to be paid for my specimens?"

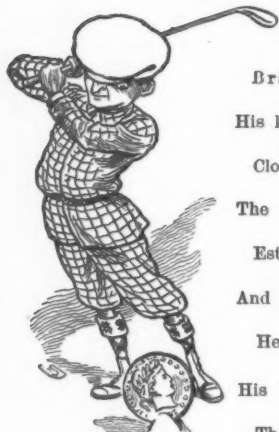
Lucy Foster Madison



IF HE TRAVELS.

"THE PRINCE OF WALES TELLS ME HE WILL NEVER AGAIN VISIT THE UNITED STATES," SIGHED MR. TODY
 "IS THAT SO?" QUERIED THE IMPERIALIST. "WELL, I DON'T SEE HOW HE IS GOING TO KEEP OUT OF IT, IF WE GO ON SPREADING."

His Finish.



HE bought two
 gaudy, scar-
 let coats,
 Brass-buttoned, with
 green collars;
 His knickerbockers made
 the bill
 Close to \$100.

The Golf Club that he
 joined was large,
 Established well and
 thrifty,
 And for his fee, in good,
 hard cash,
 He next put up a 50.

His brassy, cleeks, and
 putter fine,
 The club with which to
 drive,

The bag, the balls, and other sticks,
 Cost nearly 25.

With shoes, broad-soled, with hobnails
 filled,
 He next his feet bedecks;
 For them he gave up in exchange
 A crisp, new, green-backed X.

For sundries like a code of rules,
 White paint, a rubber tee,
 And books to tell him how to play,
 He dropped at least a V.

At last he started out one day,
 And as he hit the fence—
 "Gee!" some one heard the caddie say,
 "He plays like 30 cents."

W. N. P. D.

An Everyday Affair.

"THIS coffee's cold, dear."
 "I knew you would say that."
 "You must have known it was cold,
 then."
 "You'd better make it yourself."
 "Nonsense! When a thing is made
 over and over again every day it ought
 to be well done."
 "Am I responsible for what the ser-
 vant did?"
 "I don't know—I guess not."
 "O-ho! You ought to have married
 a perfect woman."
 "My dear, don't get huffy."
 "Huffy! I hate that word. The only
 thing you think about is your own com-
 fort. You ought to have married a
 housekeeper."

"Come, for heaven's sake, dear, let
 up!"

"Selfish!"

"Sh!"

"And overbearing."

"Now, now!"

"And finding fault all the time."

"Look here. What have I said? I
 merely remarked that the coffee was
 cold."

"That's enough. It was the way you
 said it."

"Ha, ha! The way! Have it cold if
 you want it. Put it on ice. I'll never
 mention it again, you can bet on that."

"Of course not. You martyr!"

"Well, what do you want me to say?
 I'll say anything you want—anything for
 peace."

"Go away from me!"

"But, my dear—"

"I never want to speak to you again."

Tom Masson.

Not Adulterated.

CUSTOMER: Your milk isn't rich.
 MILKMAN: No, it's poor but
 honest.



"WELL, YOU'D PROBABLY GET SHOT UP PLENTY DREADFUL IF YOU TRIED THAT WHERE I COME FROM."
 "BUT I INSIST, MY OCCIDENTAL FRIEND, YOU WERE MISTAKEN IN WHAT YOU OVERHEARD. WE WERE *not* PLANNING TO HOLD UP THE STAGE COACH, BUT TO ELEVATE THE STAGE."

To My Tobacco Jar.

OH, friend of soft and slippered ease!
 Oh, silent sharer of my moods!
 A comrade thou who strivest to please,
 And ne'er upon my thoughts intrudes.
 Oh, sunny-visaged seraph! say,
 How can you keep your temper while
 The world wags wrong; how can you, pray,
 Just smile and smile, and ever smile?

Smile, do I say? Nay, rather grin,
 In merry, jovial good-will
 And peace toward all. I most begin
 To think thou art a villain still.
 Beneath your cowl of brown, your face
 Is furrowed with a score of lines,

And in your eyes, its rallying place,
 The laughter leaps and lurks and shines.

Good Friar Tuck, I own sometimes
 Your smile doth jar, your mirth provoke;
 Yet when your mood with my mood chimes
 I gladly join you in your joke.
 And though grins gainsay brains, 'tis said,
 This grateful tribute I'll bestow—
 You've better stuff within your head
 Than have some people whom I know.

Richard Stillman Powell.

WORNOUT says that his wife is "a thing of beauty and a jaw forever."

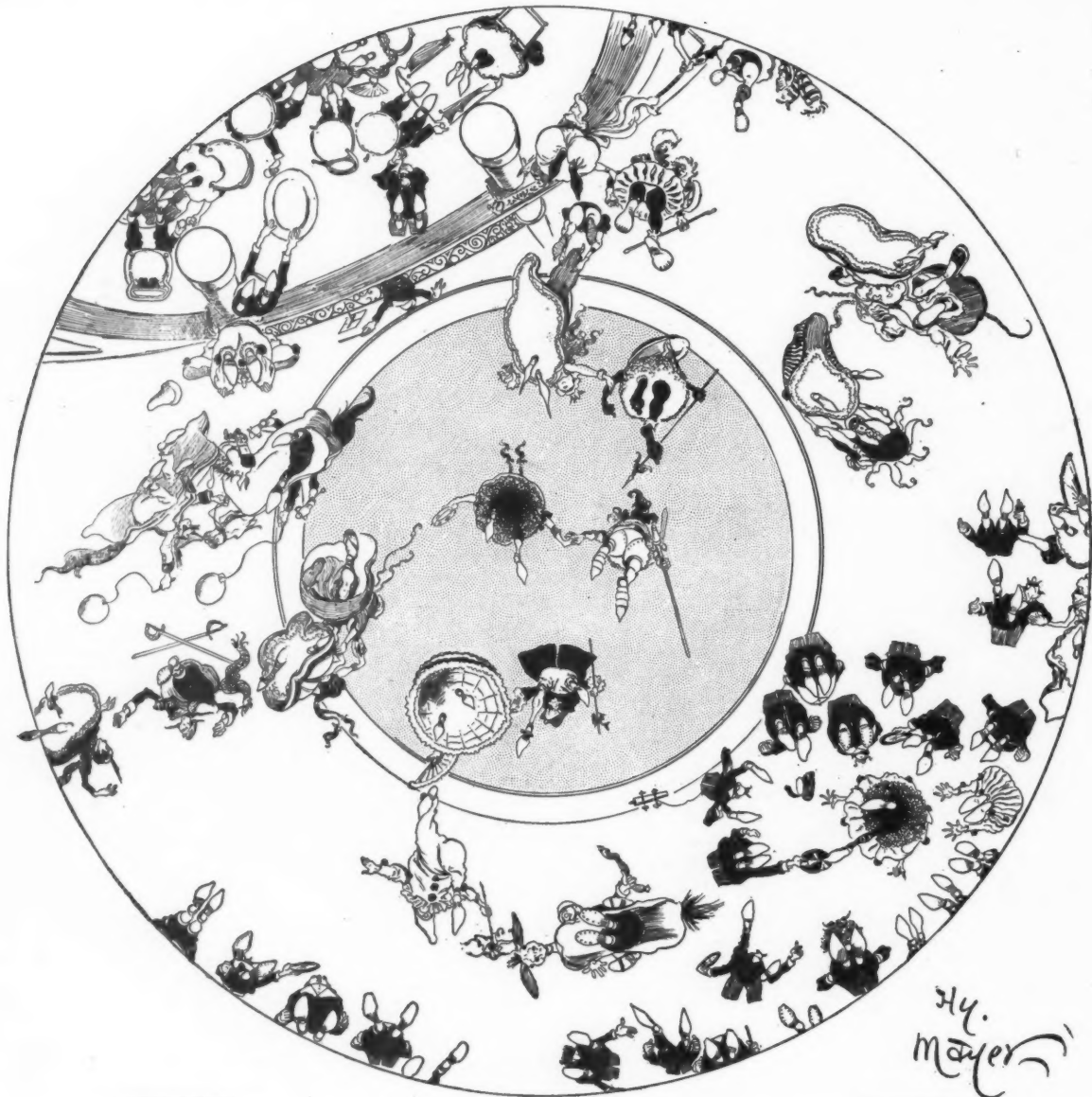
Changing His Mind.

"I AM sorry," said the magazine editor, courteously, "but we are not accepting any short stories now."

"But the scene of this story," said the confident contributor, "is laid in a place that nobody ever heard of, and is written in a language that no one can understand."

"Then why didn't you say so before?" exclaimed the magazine editor, as he grasped it eagerly.

ONE should never look a gift kiss in the mouth.



It Killed Her.

"MISS TEETER'S death was a very sudden one, wasn't it?" asked Mrs. McBride.

"It was, indeed," replied Mrs. Cumso. "The milliner sent her new Easter hat home just when she said she would, and the shock was so great that Miss Teeter collapsed."

MEN were deceivers ever. So were women.

WORM'S-EYE VIEWS OF US. THE MASQUERADE BALL.

Poor Thing!

SHE can swing a six-pound dumbbell,
She can fence and she can box,
She can row upon the river,
She can clamber 'mong the rocks.

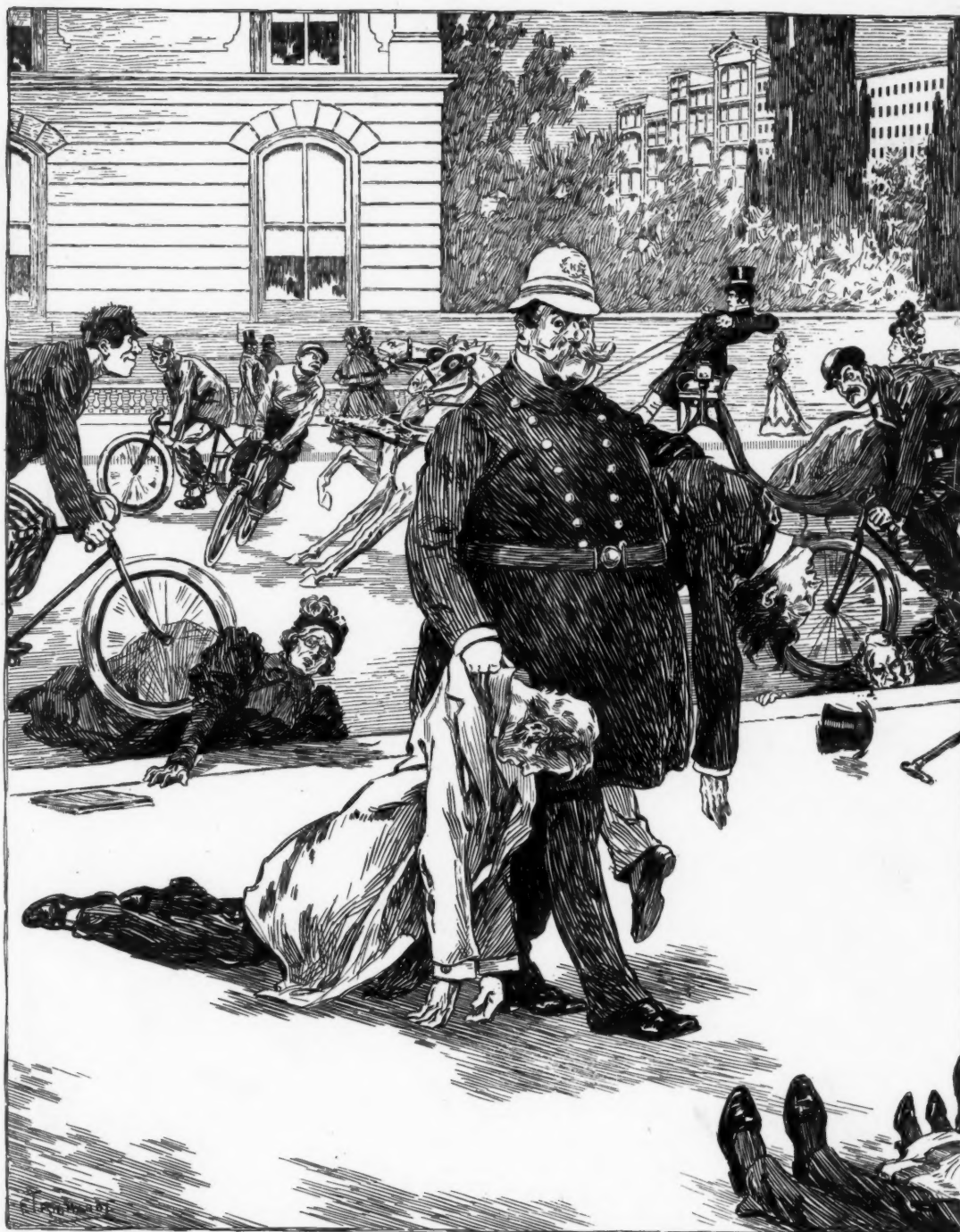
She can do some heavy bowling,
And play tennis all day long;
But she cannot help her mother,
'Cause she isn't very strong!

A LITTLE boy one day inadvertently swallowed a dime. Amid the general hubbub, his mother's voice was heard to exclaim devoutly: "Thank Heaven!"

"Thank Heaven!" retorted his father. "What for?"

"Oh, it might have been worse. It might have been five cents!"

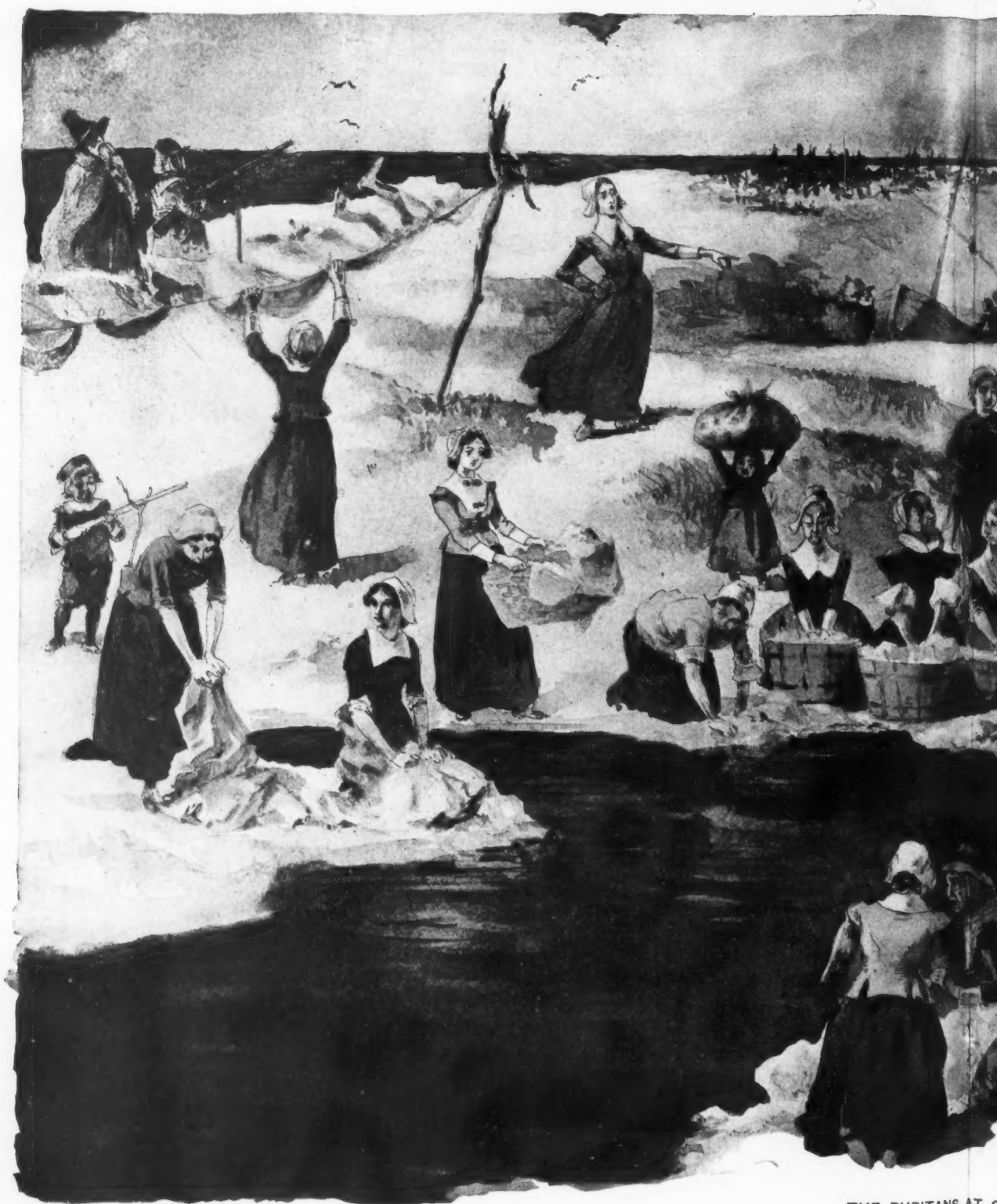
A LITTLE incense now and then is relished by the wisest men.



GLIMPSES INTO THE FUTURE.

GLIMPSE X.

FIFTH AVENUE SIX MONTHS HENCE, WHEN THE BICYCLIST SHALL HAVE HIS RIGHTS.



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THE PURITANS AT C THE GREAT WASHING

After the long and stormy voyage, the *Mayflower*, driven far north of Cape Cod, Monday, Nov. 11. "We vnsipped our shallow and drew her on shore to refresh themselves and our women to wash."—



PLURITANS AT CAPE COD.

THE GREAT WASHING DAY.

Mowee, driven far north out of her course, cast anchor within the arm
lop and drew her on land, to mend and repaire her . . . Our people
women to wash."—Mouri's Relation.

Remorse.

WIT shoots his shafts with wanton bow,
Nor reeks who by them is laid low,
Till wounded Love before him lies—
Ah! Where were then his sophistries?

Wood Levette Wilson.

The Scar on the Flank.



THIS is a love story without the love, and it is not at all extraordinary, for there are many of the sort untold. Patrick Magarvey, Van Diller's new coachman, is responsible for it. I borrowed him from Van Diller one morning because he was accounted a marvelous horse-barber, and I am very particular as to the clipping of my horses. Then, to make a sure thing doubly certain, I remained with him while he did the work, and we became quite well acquainted.

Brown Bess, my favorite mare, has a scar upon her flank. It was there when she came into my possession, and I had often wondered how she got it. It was the only thing that marred the beauty of the animal.

After a time Mr. Magarvey caught sight of this scar, and the clippers ceased to work. He started as if shocked. Then he gave vent to a long whistle that indicated astonishment, and I questioned him without more ado.

"Know that scar, sor?" said he. "Phew! Would Oi know me brother Moike if he wor to pop up through a knothole in the flure? Sure, sor, Oi remember the toime the little beauty gets that put ontly her as if it 'twor tomorry. 'Twor folve years ago comin' Siptimber first. She wor a three-year-owld thin, and the proide av owld George Grimley's heart up in Ontario County, where Oi wor workin' in thim days. O moy, O moy!

"Owld Grimley's said many the toime that the mare wor filled wid bitter blood than fure-thirds av the swills that visited the place ivery day or three in the year, and Oi'm thinkin' mesilf that he towld the truth, for there comes a toime, sor, whin the little darlin's bradin' wor put 'longside that av a ginuwine aristocrat, and she wins the race aisy.

"Oi'm not remimberin' now what wor goin' on thin, but 'twor a proivate theatrickle, or somethin' av the soort, wid a scamper on hoorseback owver the hills in the mornin', and a great roide to the hounds whin the last day wor come, and 'twor moighty busy we wor in the stables, for the ladles and gentlemen wor widout mercy in their hearts or judgment in their hids.

"Did yez iver notice, sor, that whin folks gets too gay that a flood av tears comes soon after? Will, sor, some av that party passed the limit av discretion one day, and the wailin' and lamentation that follies wor thicker than mosquitoes in a swamp. 'Twor not me that wor hilpin' it, though, Oi'm tillin' yez, for, be the grace av the Virgin, Oi'm knowin' a thing or two that's makin' me smoile contented loike that 'tis as 'tis.

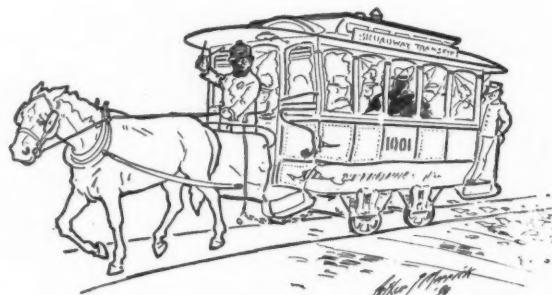
"There wor a long-ligged skoonk in the party that come whin yez called Rignald. Oi'm not tillin' yez the other name av him, for Oi'm thinkin' 'twould do no good. And he wor swate on Blanche, the little daughter av owld Grimley, her that wor gradiated from shoort drisses long after Bies here wor dropped ontly the turf av this illigant world. She wor a paich av a girl, the oyes av her snappy and dreamy be spills, and thin agin mixed, which wor foine to look at. And the father av her wor troyin' hard to be a mother to her and raise hoorses at the same toime, and he foinds the hands av him hivvy wid work aven whin he's nothin' to do, Oi'm tillin' yez.



THERE ARE OCCASIONAL



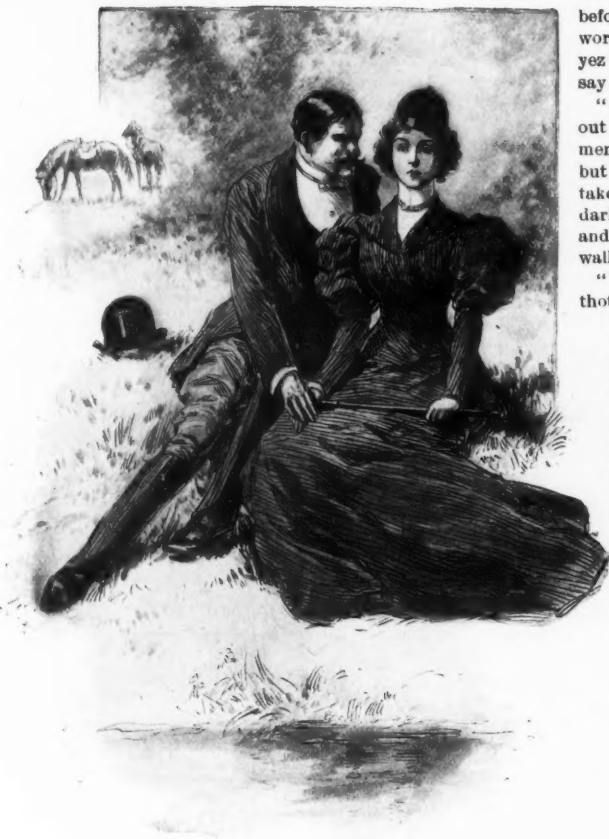
ADVANTAGES IN BEING



A HEAVYWEIGHT.

"Rignald wor not the ownly one that wor swate on the girl, aither. She wor one av thim craltures that draws min loike a nap on the grass draws foles, and every felly in the party had troied to win the affliions av her and been dropped soft and gentile, loike a brick goes inty a mortar-box—all ixcept two, Rignald and a young buck disguised wid the name av Smith, who wor an owld frind av the fam'ly on his father's soide, and wor, Oi could see, will looked upon by owld Grimley.

"For some raison, known ownly to the girl (and she wor moighty ignorant on the point, too, just b'twane yez and me, sor), she gives thim two incouragement; that is, she don't drop thim loike the



"They sittin' on the grane banks av a brook."

others, and av coorse after a toime had fallin's begins to show. They gets very poolite and corjul, and thot, sor, whin carried to ixcess in the bist soociety, manes murder many the toime.

"Riginald wor the richer av the two. Sure, he'd a crist on the dog-cart av him thot he'd paid a good sum for, and 'twor very proud he wor av the same, it showin' him to have blood in him thot many years ago had kilt innocent children and stowl milons and raised the divil wid moorality intoirely. Av coorse, 'twor a loie, his havin' the blood, but 'twor a good guiss av the felly thot sills him the roights to it. Oi'm hearin', too, thot he's the pictures av some av thim owld duffers hung on the walls av his apartments, whoille the loikeness av his owld grandfather's hung tinderly in the bottom av an owld trunk under the back stairs.

"Smith sticks to his own ancistors, and for thot raison Oi favors him in the foight thot's on for the girl. He wor a strappin' youngster, wid whoite hair and black eyes—as black, sor, as thim yez have in your own hid—and a plisent twist av the tongue whin talkin' wid me which the other has not, bein' owverbearin' and perductive av wicked thoughts in me moind, that wor on a hair-trigger in thim days, and 'tis but little bitter now. Bowth has hoorses in the stables, too, and Oi judges thim be thim. Riginald's wor a big bay wid the funny business all knocked out av him. Sure he wor the littlest big hoorse Oi iver saw, startin' and trimblin' whin yez goes near him, 'loike the woife av his owner will be doin', thinks Oi, 'if she's strong as a hoorse and don't dole

before the chronic trimbles sits in,' Smith's hoorse wor diffirunt. He wor loike Smith, ownly more cowloike and gintle, but not much, and whin yez punches him in the stall he turns the oyes av him on yez and troies to say a verse from Scripture, turnin' the other soide av him to be punched.

"On the day av the theatricle, or whatever 'twas, the whole party gets out early in the moornin', and again just befor dinner, havin' the ixcoitement on them and cravin' activity. Mowst av thim gets back betoimes, but two av thim's missin', and thim two wor Riginald and the girl. They takes a new road, the others says, manin' to get home first; but it gets dark and toime for the doin's to begin, and they're not home first yet; and Oi'm seein' a troubled look in the oyes av the owld man, and Smith walks around the place loike a felly wid a bad drame.

"Thin av a sudden they comes on a did walk, Riginald ladin' his hoorse, thot limps loike a dishrag, and the girl follyin'. A great shout goes up—Smith not givin' it—and they hustles into the house to get riddy for what they're callin' the preformance. Riginald's hoorse goes lame, they said, and that howlds thim back. Oi looks the baste owver whin Oi'm alone, and Oi'm seein' thot he's not had hurt, nadin' a bit av a band about the lig and rist for a toime, but Oi'm knowin' down in meself thot the hurt wor no accident. Later Oi learns thot Riginald tills the girl, after monkeyin' wid the animal's lig, thot they'll be havin' to lit him rist a bit, and thin makes love to her wid no Smiths to interfere, they sittin' on the grane banks av a brook whoille the hoorses nibbles the grass behoid thim.

"Nothin' comes av it? Oh, no, sor; nothin' comes av it; but 'tis mighty narrie is the 'scape the girl has—narrie, sor, as the idge av an Oirish wit.

"Oi wor sittin' in me room in the stables thot noight wid no lought, thinkin' av a pair av blue oyes thot wor workin' thimselves to a blister in the kitchen av a brownstone house in town, and drammin' av the lakes av Killarney, thot be shuttin' me oyewinkers down betwane me oyes and the moon Oi can see plain, whin Oi hears voices stilthily walkin' out nixt the stalls. 'Now, what's thot?' says Oi, and goes to a bit av a pakehowle Oi has for the sake av convanience. There, sor, wor Riginald, and wid him the girl!

"Oi'm seein' 'twor a runaway they're goin' to commit, and Oi'm tillin' yez Oi'm stumped for a minute to know what to do. Riginald wor greatly ixcited, Oi could see, and the girl wor trimblin' hard.

"'Oi can't take moy hoorse,' says he; 'he's lame.'

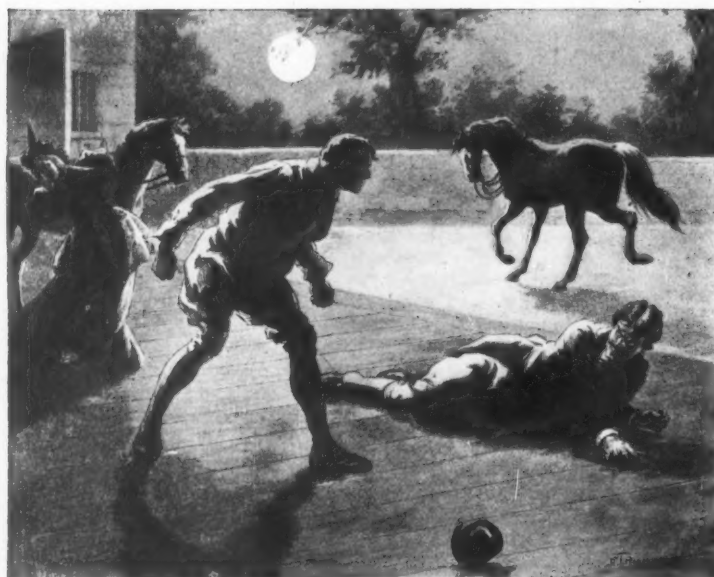
"'Thin lit us wait,' says the girl.

"'No, boy hivin!' says he, and rushes at the first door he comes to, which wor Biss's.

"'O moy, O moy,' thinks Oi, 'if he roides thot youngster the graif av the owld man at the losin' av his daughter will near kill him.' And Oi can see he's goin' to roide her. What to do Oi dunno, so Oi stands and does nothin' frantickally; and purty soon he lades the little mare out av the stall and troies to put the broidle onty her; but 'tis moiles too big enough, and he whips out his knife and cuts a howle in the throatlatch. Thin he claps a saddle onty her, and she's not loikin' it. She stips about loike a man wid a pain in his taith, and soon Riginald loses his timper intoirely and jabs her in the flank wid his knife.

"'Twor thin Oi'm doin' somethin'—though, bejakers, sor, Oi'm knowin' no more what to do than Oi knows at first. Oi owpens the door and says what's up? The girl's alriddy on her hoorse and waitin'. Riginald gives a growl, throwin' the saddle aside, and lapes on the bare back av the cowlt. But would she go? No, sor! She stands quiverin', not movin' a hoof. She's onty the game, Oi'm thinkin'. Riginald, still howldin' the knife, troies to jab her wid it agin, and Oi loses me timper. Whir-r-rool! Oi'm jerkin' him onty the flure and stipplin' on him a bit Oi dunno, and he's swearin' loike a dago parrot, and the girl's down off her mount, howldin' her ears and shakin' wid sobs.

"The racket wakes up owld Grimley, him not slapin' yit, and he comes rushin' out, wid Smith follyin'. Riginald down't wait to



"Whir-r-roo! Oi'm jerkin' him only the flure."

explain; he slopes off into the dark av the trays, and the next day he finds a man for his traps and hoarse. The girl slid into the house, and Smith hangs around while Oi drisses the mare's cut and puts her to bid. He's not pumpin' me. He's seein' it all plain enough, and he's thinkin' dapely. The whole party went home in the mornin' widout seein' Blanche, it bein' given out that she wor near did wid sudden illness, and 'twor loike a picnic in the rain, that damp and dismal yez down't know.

"That's all, sor. The girl wor married two years ago, Oi'm hearin', to a felly named Jones, one av thim she frosted. Smith niver give her another chance. Mebbe 'twor bitter for him, Oi dunno, but she wor a foine girl, barrin' her foolishness—the bist av them has that—and, on the quiet, sor, she loses nothin' whin she down't get him."

I extended my hand to Mr. Magarvey, after a silence which seemed to indicate beyond doubt that the reminiscence was at an end, and looked him squarely in the face.

"Patrick," said I, "you have changed somewhat of late years. Did you know that we had met before?"

"No, sor," said he, and his eyes twinkled with wonder; "beggin' your pardon, sor, what's the name?"

"My name," said I, in what was intended to be an impressive manner, "is Smith. I have taken to the wearing of a beard only recently, and it seems a good disguise."

He looked bewildered for an instant—merely a flash. Then he said: "The

Smiths is a very numerous family, sor, and 'tis many av thim Oi've mit in me day. Oi—Oi trust, sor," running his finger lightly over the mare's ear, "that 'tis happy Oi'm foindin' yez, sor."

I might have said yes, but, being honest, I said nothing.

D. H. Talmadge.

"IS it true that the professor of mathematics sometimes takes a drop too much?"

"Yes, he seems to believe that one swallow doesn't make a summer."

No Doubt of It.

WILLIAMSON: Do you believe that hanging prevents murder?

Henderson:

Of course. Why, there have been lots of men who would have been killed if they hadn't got hung.

OLD LADY (at insurance office): I want to take out a fire insurance policy at once. Our house is on fire.



Missionary: IS PANGO IN?—MY ASSISTANT, YOU KNOW. IS HE AT HOME?

Tiger: OH, YES! HE'S IN ALL RIGHT. BUT HE'S NOT AT HOME.

The Next Morning.

"HOW do you feel after last night?"

"Rocky. How do you?"

"Fair. Wife awake?"

"Yes. Yours?"

"Yes."

"Mad?"

"Wild. Yours?"

"Don't mention it."

"I don't know that it pays, after all."

"Nor I."

"Up late. Too many cigars—nothing in it."

"That's so. At rare intervals all right, but a constant thing—never!"

"Right. Great jackpot."

"The last one. Yes. Say, why didn't you call me in that first round?"

"You had me beat all right."

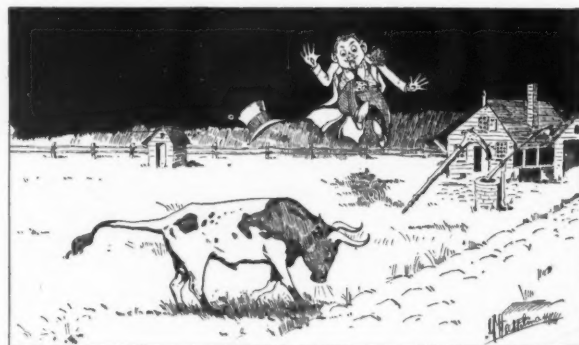
"I had only two small pair."

"That was enough."

"I must be getting to the office."

"Me too. Coming again to-night?"

"Yes—I guess so." Tom Masson.



"RAISED ON A FARM."



MR. P. S. May -

A Clear Case.

A BOARD of physicians were inquiring into the state of mind of an alleged lunatic.

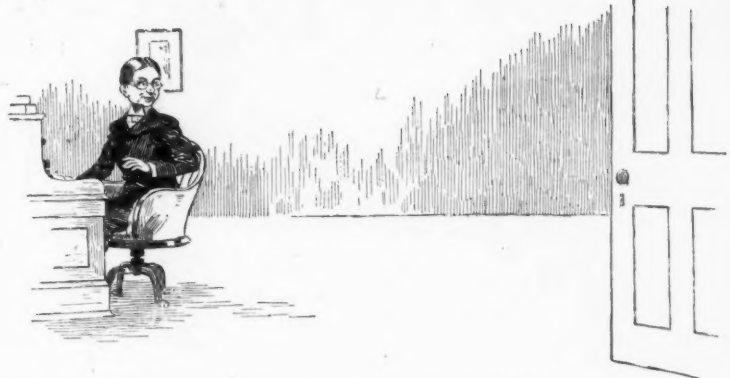
"You told us just now," said the spokesman, "that you were the Emperor Napoleon, and now you say you are the Duke of Wellington. Pray explain yourself."

"Quite right," returned the patient, cheerfully; "that was by a different mother."

They didn't ask him any more questions.

IF a man attracted as much attention having a tooth pulled as he does being hanged, he would doubtless be just as brave about it.

ON a muddy crossing even the most modest woman may raise her dress a little above two feet.



Mr. Brief (who has just opened an office): AH, A FOOTSTEP! THAT IS MY WEALTHY CLIENT.



"ENNY FEDDER DUSTERS, MISTER?"



"OH, MR. BRIEF, YOU MUST BUY TWO TICKETS FOR OUR SOCIABLE."



"WOULD YOU HELP A POOR SOJER WHAT'S JES' COME BACK FROM CUBA?"



"HERE COMES ANOTHER, AND I'LL SWAT HIM."



"GREAT CÆSAR! MY CLIENT!"

Hard to Forget.

I REMEMBER, I remember,
The house I built one year.
The mortgage is upon it yet;
'Twill stay there, too, I fear.

I remember, I remember,
The countless plans I made,
And all the calculations
So proudly I essayed.

I remember, I remember,
That most eventful day
The house was done. I had not dreamed
That it would look that way.

I remember, I remember,
Each rain, howe'er remote;
For on those sad occasions
My cellar was afloat.

I remember, I remember,
My famous architect;
I paid him thrice as much as he
Had led me to expect.

Remember! I should say so!
How can I e'er forget
That house! Though not the owner,
I'm living in it yet. *Tom Masson.*



FOR EASTER SUNDAY.

Wedding Silver

A careful examination will demonstrate the fact that the assortment of

Sterling Silver Wares as exhibited by the Gorham Co., Silversmiths

is the most important ever made, comprising as it does every article for useful or ornamental purposes, of the highest order of design, workmanship and finish.

These wares are entirely the work of the Gorham Co., from the conception of the design to the finished article, and are produced under the most favorable conditions. Patrons are assured of purchasing with the greatest possible economy consistent with good quality.

GORHAM MFG. CO.

Silversmiths

Broadway & 19th St.

23 Maiden Lane



Ralph Waldo Emerson,
in his Essay on Elo-
quence said in speak-
ing of a man whom
he described as a
Godsend to his town.
"He is put together like
a Waltham Watch."

W. & J. Sloane

Special Orders

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WHOLE CARPETS

*woven in one piece to cover any space, in French
Aubusson and Savonnerie,*

*Berlin, English Hand-tufted and Scotch Chenille
Axminster, India, Turkish and other fine grades.*

*Designs prepared to suit any period of decoration; estimates
submitted upon short notice.*

Broadway & 19th Street.

Characters I've Tried to Be.



ROBINSON CRUSOE was the earliest and easiest. It was only a matter of physical prowess, because my brother was younger and smaller, and he

had to content himself with being my man Friday. With a drygoods box for a cave, a cast-off rug, an abandoned theatre-hat and a broken-ribbed umbrella

for costume, the family cat in its own natural character, and the neighborhood dog invested by imagination with the attributes of the goat, there was nothing needed to complete the illusion but the invading savages. This deficiency was soon supplied, though, by the tougher boys of the neighborhood. Their educations must have been neglected, for they saw nothing in my realization of a literary dream save a perfectly legitimate target for the unripe fruit of the paternal apple tree. Those apples were very green and very hard, and of exactly the right size and weight to be thrown accurately. I remember now my chagrin that Defoe had mentioned no attack with such missiles, but far more vividly I recall the sensation of hard, green apples coming into abrupt contact with different parts of my youthful anatomy. One in particular destroyed all my interest in Robinson Crusoe, and resulted later in a black eye, with subsequent applications of brown paper and vinegar, with the maternal slipper properly applied as a counter-irritant.

"The Three Spaniards" was a more complicated effort. I do not remember which one of those gory individuals I became, but we three associate villains spent an enormous amount of effort in the construction of our lair. It was situate

in a vacant lot, and made of old boards and abandoned oil-cloth. A stove of bricks supplied some heat, and much more smoke than our green-tea cigaritos. Our ideal had been to return to the lair after our forays and smoke in luxurious ease while we planned still more desperate deeds; but the smoke from the brick stove, and a parental inquiry for some cushions that had disappeared from the family parlor, dissolved the blood-curdling oaths which bound together "The Three Spaniards."



LIFE'S SAINTS OF THE FUTURE.

I.
SAINT CHAUNCEY.

Then up spake brave Horatius,
The Captain of the gate:
"To every man upon this earth
Death cometh soon or late"—

but I don't believe Horatius would have spoken up so quickly had he known that the advancing hosts were boys with no idea of fighting fair under the Roman rules of the ring. Even Horatius would have yielded under blows which were landed treach-

erously but impartially on head and shins instead of, according to agreement, on a shield improvised from the tin cover of a wash-boiler. Horatius fought bravely in Macaulay's majestic metre. The historian-poet would have had to use a different kind of verse if Horatius had been slapped vigorously over the head with swords of lath, and banged viciously on the shins with broomstick spears. My career as a bridge-defender was a brief one, but it was recorded in black and blue for many a day.

Some guiding spirit, with the crafty design of civilizing the savage instincts of the boy, then turned my literary appetite in the direction of Lord Chesterfield's letters to his son. The general impression seems to be that the polite Earl failed utterly to make an Admirable Crichton of that son of his, and I am sure he did in my case. I tried conscientiously (for a very short time, however) to become all that Chesterfield wanted his son to be, and pictured myself as growing up to abound in all the graces and accomplishments. Perhaps I did wash my face more frequently as a result, and my finger-nails, doubtless, became less constantly mournful in appearance; but the acquisition of a pony about that period brought on a relapse. That poor animal became in rapid succession a mustang to my Apache, a Bucephalus to my Alexander, and a Rosinante to my Don Quixote. With lance in rest, I charged many an imaginary wind-mill and countless flocks of imaginary sheep. In earlier days I would have compelled my brother on his pony to be my Sancho, but the lad had grown too big and strong, and his mind did not run in paths of literary fancy.

Now came a change. *She* had read "Lucile" and adored it with all a schoolgirl's intensity. Poetry, except of the martial sort, had never been much in my favor, but Meredith's easy verse caught my waking fancy, and most carefully I marked each significant passage, so that afterwards *she* might read and know the sentiments that burned within, and which the bashfulness of my years kept me from expressing in speech. Lord Alfred Vargrave I became, and stretched out in the grass, gazed at the moon until my healthy organ-

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THE EDUCATION OF MR. PIPP.

XXII.

Mrs. Pipp having returned to America with Congressman and Mrs. Firkin, the girls persuade their father to take them to Paris and England. John Willing, Manager of the Pipp Iron Works, who has come over on business, joins the party.

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OH!

Where are those strong-minded resolutions?

ization demanded its debt of sleep, and I would awake damp with dew as to my clothing, and irritated as to my cuticle with mosquito bites. Then the red-headed son of the confectioner, with his never-failing supply of lemon-drops, became to me the hated Luvois, and I would find myself grinding my heel in the gravel with the true Vargravian pride and bitterness. But early lore is much like the diseases of childhood, neither lasting nor dangerous, and I ceased being Lord Alfred simultaneously with the departure of my Lucile for boarding-school.

Of course the literature of the stage had its inning, and at times I was convinced that I was a gloomier Hamlet than Booth, and a more jealous Othello than Salvini. These convictions were confined to my own breast, however, and could only have been known to the unhappy occupants of apartments adjacent to mine, who might have heard me delivering the characters' speeches while I was engaged in the process of dressing or undressing.

Age and experience are the worst enemies of the imagination, and it is long since I have really been any of the characters I have read. This is pitiful, indeed, when one considers what a joy it would be, when the monthly bills come in, to close one's eyes and imagine one's self the Count of Monte Cristo.

M. S. James.

Setting Her Right.



some subtle instinct told him that he had made a mistake. In the act of tak-

"WINIFRED, I love you!" As Bertram Calloway uttered these words, and turned his face,

all glowing with the great passion that burned within him, toward the stern, cold countenance of the beautiful creature who sat beside him like a marble statue,

some subtle instinct told him that he had made a mistake. In the act of tak-

ing that wonderfully slender and delicate hand in his, with the sudden caution which long experience in similar cases had taught him to practice in an emergency, he stopped short and waited for that response which, even now, however, his heart told him he could not expect.

Winifred Van Wunk's steel-blue eyes,



LIFE'S SAINTS OF THE FUTURE.

II.
SAINT BILL.

as they slowly turned upon him, indicated all the surprise which his rash action had awakened in her advanced mind.

"Mr. Calloway," she said, with a slight accent of implied indifference, "you must pardon me if I say that your words do not interest me. Love, in the sense you use it, is a common emotion indulged in by minds of low strata.

Psychologically, I recognize it as a certain necessary form of mental evolution, but I flattered myself that you had passed through that cycle long ago, and while perhaps not able to enter fully into my own mental atmosphere, your advancement had been such as to preclude the possibility of the vulgar relapse I have just witnessed."

But the man she addressed was no fool. While she spoke he had risen to the emergency, and now, standing haughtily before her in the full pride of his manhood, he surveyed with a look of half pity the object of his ill-concealed passion.

"Miss Van Wunk," he said, quietly, "if for the interval my scientific enthusiasm led me to use an expression which you have so prematurely mistaken for an emotion so far beneath me, you have only yourself to blame. When but a moment ago I stated—as I can now see, so rashly—that I loved you, I used the term entirely in its protoplasmic sense. Love, in the common or primitive form, was so far from my thoughts that, to one of your mentality, I did not think it necessary to qualify the expression. It is, or should be, unnecessary for me to say that I am entirely incapable of the empirical emotion to which you referred. I hold to the atomic theory of the world of matter, and the observation of the constant transformation of particles by the yet undetermined inertia of energy into other forms is a process full of intense intellectual stimulation. But

more than this, more than mere disintegration and the falling apart of atoms hitherto enclosed in a similar environment, it was the sudden discovery of this change, revealed in us, in both of us, that led me to—"

But he had need to say no more. Winifred Van Wunk threw herself into his arms with a glad cry of joy, as she exclaimed: "Darling, I am yours!"

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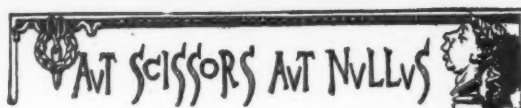
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Then put it down again;
Don't touch it with your pencil,
Typewriter, or your pen.
In parodistic manner
Don't fritter time away,
For yours won't be as good as
The one by Rudyard K.

Take up "The White Man's Burden,"
But patiently refrain
From writing verses like it,
Lest you bring woe and pain
To those who read the papers;
They're weary now, you know,
'Cause thousands have been at it
From Maine to Mexico.

Lay down "The White Man's Burden,"
Waste not your stamps and means
On silent, sullen peoples
Who run the magazines.
No matter what you send them,
No matter what you do,
The silent, sullen peoples
Will send it back to you.

—Baltimore American.

YOUNG Mrs. McBride had had so much trouble with her impudent servants that she was on the verge of nervous prostration, and she certainly would have gone over the verge had the McBride income been large enough. She finally became desperate. "John," she said, one day, "I have hired a new servant. She isn't particularly competent, but of one thing I am certain—she will not be impudent."

"She won't!" cried her astonished husband. "How do you know she won't?"

"I'm sure she won't," replied Mrs. McBride; "and even if she is, I shall not know it. She's a Finn, just over, and she doesn't speak but four words of English."

All the next day Mrs. McBride struggled with the Finn. She talked herself hoarse. She would fairly shout her directions, but shouts and whispers were alike to the Finn. She simply could not understand. When Mr. McBride came home at night his wife was again on the verge.

"Why do you shout so when you talk to her?" he asked, laughing heartily.

"Why? Why, I simply can't make her hear!" cried his wife. "I am so hoarse I can hardly speak aloud, and I am completely worn out. What shall I do, dear?"

"Let me discharge her, of course."

"Discharge her!" echoed his wife. "That's just about as sensible as the average man's suggestion. Discharge her! Discharge that Finn, who knows four words of English!" she sobbed. "What good would that do? Why, John, I have discharged her seventeen times already, and she thinks I've been telling her to get dinner!"—*Harper's Bazar*.

JIM: I saw a peculiar thing in the newspaper this morning.
JACK: What was it?

"A man told of a horse he had. He said that it made no difference how much feed he gave him, the horse could never eat a bit."—*Princeton Tiger*.

LEWIS CARROLL being dead, the Jabberwock is being translated. Who knows not that thrilling stanza:

'Twas brillig and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe,
All mimsy were the borogroves
And the mome raths outgrabe.

It is somewhat disconcerting to find that there is any meaning whatsoever in this, but Mr. Stuart Collingwood has dis-

covered a memorandum among the papers of the author of "Alice in Wonderland," which shows that this really meant nothing more than "It was evening, and the smooth, active badgers were scratching and boring holes in the hillside, while the parrots were unhappy and the serious-minded green turtles squeaked."—*Boston Home Journal*.

BOATSWAIN (to newly joined cadet): Come, my little man, you mustn't cry on board of one of her Majesty's ships of war. Did your mother cry when you left?

CADET: Yes, sir.

"Silly old woman! And did your sister cry?"

"Yes, sir."

"Stupid little thing! And did your father cry?"

"No, sir."

"And 'earted old beggar!"—*Punch*.

"Don't talk to me about what girls order for lunch," said the girl with the hot chocolate; "I've never in all my life seen a person of my sex call for anything one-tenth part as incongruously dreadful as an order I heard a Congressman, a real live Congressman, give in a café yesterday. He came in and sat down near me.

"Walter," said he, without stopping for a minute to read the bill of fare, 'Walter, bring me a plate of pig's feet and honey.'"—*Exchange*.

JUSTICE: What have you to say in answer to the charge of stealing this man's plank walk?

THE ACCUSED: I took it by advice of my physician, yer Honor. He told me to take a long walk every day. This was the first long walk I saw to-day, and of course I took it. A man can't afford to employ a doctor unless he takes his advice.

"The Court, however, will give you advice for nothing: Three months rest. You will take it in the House of Correction."—*Boston Transcript*.

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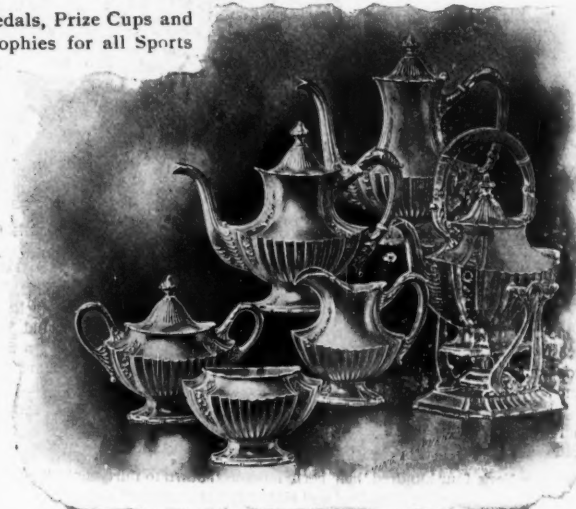
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A GREAT lawyer, who is now a great judge and has the very highest opinion of himself, stood as a Liberal candidate for Parliament at the general election of 1880. His Tory opponent set on foot a rumor that he was an atheist, whereupon Henry Smith remarked: "Now, that's really too bad, for Mr. — is a man who does reluctantly acknowledge the existence of a Superior Being."

—Argonaut.

MR. PITT: Is it true that the French government has forbidden the importation of American fruit?

MR. PENN: I read something of that sort.

"Then the United States should retaliate by forbidding the importation of olive-oil labels from France."

—Exchange.

"Oh, Georgie! Who opened the canary's cage?"

"I did. You told me a little bird was a-whispering to you when I was naughty, so I knew it must be him, as there was no other little bird about. So I opened the cage and the cat's eaten him. That's wot he's got for splitting on me."—Stray Stories.

A FRIEND of Dewey's recently joined the Admiral at Manila, and made laughing allusion to the many articles named for him since May 1st. Dewey's eyes twinkled as he replied: "I did not imagine that little target-practice before breakfast on the first of May would bring a new adjective into the language; but, look here, I have a Dewey watch—and it's a number one watch, too—with a case from the *Maine*." Then he continued: "One of the manufacturers who had named a hat after me wished to send me one, and wrote me asking what size I now wore."

"And your reply?" he was asked.

"Oh, I told him the same size that I wore before May 1st."—Argonaut.

"I SEE the New York four hundred has been narrowed down to thirty-eight."

"Really? Have the other three hundred and sixty-two been cured?"—Wasp.



A RING PERFORMANCE ON SATURN.

A NEW boy had moved into the neighborhood. He was sitting on the line fence that separated his particular backyard from the yard pertaining to the next-door neighbor, and was proceeding to cultivate the acquaintance of the next-door neighbor's boy for all he was worth.

"I've gone through grammar school," he said. "I can do every sum in the mental arithmetic, and I always got a hundred mark in my history and geography."

"Well," responded the other boy, thrusting out his lower jaw, "I can move my ears, and you can't."

—Youth's Companion.

ONCE upon a time a Beggar implored a Lawyer for alms.

"Let me give you some advice," said the Lawyer.

"I'd rather you sold the advice and gave me the proceeds," ventured the Beggar, trying not to seem forward or obtrusive.

This fable teaches that under certain circumstances fine words can be made indirectly to butter parsnips.

—Detroit Journal.

WHILE in America, W. S. Gilbert was one evening at a fashionable function given by a lady of the "new rich" order, who posed as a patron of music, but who had not had time to educate herself. She was foolish enough to attempt to show off before the English celebrity.

"And what is Bach—'Batch' she called it—doing now?" she said; "is he composing anything?"

"No, madame," replied Mr. Gilbert, without the ghost of a smile, "Bach is just now decomposing!"—Exchange.

BILL: Had a funny experience this morning. Got on a Fifth Avenue stage and found that I had only a two-dollar bill in my pocket.

KID: Well?

"I gave it to the driver and he asked me which horse I wanted."—Yale Record.

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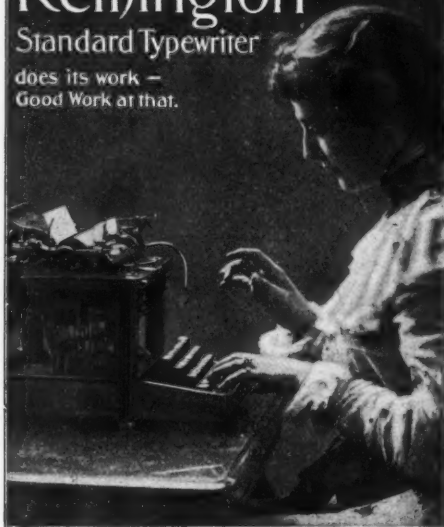


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